Eng. Poetry vol. 11.

A

POEM

ON THE

Drawing Room, &c.

Drawing Room

A

POEM

ON THE

DRAWING ROOM:

Together with Three

EPILOGUES:

ONE,

As design'd to have been Spoke by Mrs. *Cross* to a Comedy, call'd, *The Way of the World.*

THE SECOND,

As Spoke by Her to the *Provok'd Wife*, *March* the 22d 17^{15}_{16}, for her own Benefit.

AND THE THIRD,

As Spoke by Mrs. *Thurmond* to the *Pilgrim*, *April* the 24th, 1716.

By *T. B.* Gent.

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19. May.

THE

Drawing Room.

A

POEM.

Maxima quæque domus ſervis eſt ple-
na ſuperbis. Juv. Sat. 5.

AS raſh hot Youths, impatient of de-
lay,
Deſpiſe their Home, and think each
Moment's ſtay
Age of Time miſpent, and thrown away:

But when they're once Embark'd, and blusterin
Gales
Fill the tight Canvas of their swelling Sails,
When first they hear the dreadful Billows roar,
Trembling they wish they'd kept their nativ
Shoar;
But all in vain, they're forc'd to suffer on,
And pass those Dangers which their Heat begun:
So lately Travelling through distant Climes,
Curious to see a foreign Coast betimes,
Amongst the various Nations that I saw,
Was one which dealt to all the rest a Law,
And kept the neighbouring World around in
awe.
The Great Metropolis of this I chose
To ease my wearied Limbs with soft Repose,
Which having done, I took a general View
Of all the several Wonders here accrue;
Among the rest, I went to see the Court,
Whither the Noble and Politer Sort
Are generally wont to make resort.

Here when I came I view'd the Fabrick round,
But lik'd thoſe better which did this ſurround:
At length I enter'd, and ſurpriz'd, ſtood ſtill
To let my wondering Eyes here gaze their fill;
Tall comely Guards in antick Habits ſtand,
Which ſeem'd to have been cull'd throughout the Land:
Advancing by degrees, at laſt, I came
To a large ſpacious Room without a Name,
Innumerable Lights plac'd here and there,
Throughout the whole, in order, did appear,
The upper End a Table did contain,
Where Beauties, I might ſee, could ſcarce refrain
From ſhewing the Extreams of Joy and Pain;
Approaching nearer, I diſcern'd that ſome
Roſe diſcontented, and ſtraight left the Room,
Fearing, as I ſuppoſe, a Reprimand
From a croſs ſurly Huſband near at Hand;
Others not grudging what they loſt at Play,
More eaſy ſat, and ſmiling, ſeem'd to ſay
My Dear,—I'll make it up another way.

Deſirous ſtill to ſee yet ſomewhat more,
I ſpied a Paſſage to another Door,
Entring, my Eyes were ſtruck with dazling ligh
Magnificence and Beauty fill'd my Sight,
Here I beheld what I had toil'd to ſee,
And what I ſo long thought cou'd ne're agree,
All Virtues reconcil'd with Majeſty.
About this King a numerous Crowd appears
With watchful Eyes, and ready liſtning Ears,
If any one by chance perceives a Nod
He ——
Thinks himſelf bleſs'd and happy as a God.
Proceeding then at t'other End I found
A Prince with all his Father's Virtues Crown'd,
A Princeſs too, whoſe ev'ry Grace did prove
Her worthily a Sharer in his Love,
Around the laſt in Semicircles ſtood
Fair Youthful Dames, and all of Noble Blood;
Yet in this aweful Meeting I could ſpy
Such Faults as cannot well eſcape the Eye,

For ſome with antick, vain, fantaſtick Airs
Spoil'd Nature's Workmanſhip by ſhewing theirs,
Screwing their Faces to ſuch various Frames,
They only of their Forms retain the Names.
I hope the Gentlemen won't take Offence
That I firſt draw the Female Excellence,
The Ladies ought to have the Preference;
They need not fear that I ſhould e'er abide
Thoſe apiſh Motions, I in them deſcry'd
One with obſequious Cringe, ſupinely low,
Thinks, by this means, his great reſpect to ſhew
To ſome great Lord who Frowns and knits his Brow.
This ——
We a Court Beggar, by diſtinction, call,
Who miſſes neither Drawing-room nor Ball:
Another, with audacious Impudence,
By conſtant talking ſhews his want of Senſe;
This Monſter, tho' h'as nothing t'invite,
I hear is ſtill the Ladies Favourite,

But

But 'tis not this one Quality alone
That makes him ſo eſteem'd by ev'ry one;
For he, by awkard Geſture and Grimace,
Renders each Fair One courting his Embrace,
With ſecret Sighs and Tears her Beauties fade,
And all for one, who, by his dext'rous aid,
Has made himſelf a Man in Maſquerade.
Two Turks were Favourites in this Chriſti
Court,
Of whom Fame often ſpeaks, and loud Repor
Theſe ſeveral gaping City Dames ſurround,
Clumſily dreſs'd in richeſt brocade Gown,
They promiſe Gold, nay, any other thing,
Provided they may've leave to kiſs the King,
Thinking no greater Joy, or laſting Bliſs,
Than what is reap'd from ſuch a Royal Kiſs.

Amaz'd to ſee that ſuch a ſenſeleſs Crew
Should mix, as counterfeited Gems with true,
Whoſe glorious Luſtre darken their dull hue.

For other Courts, I'am ſure, to this ſubmit
In Female Beauty, Excellence and Wit;
However ———
Tir'd with each others Din, and different Face,
I turn'd upon my Heel and left the Place.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

TO THE

WAY of the World.

Deſign'd to have been ſpoken by Mrs. *Croſs*.

IN various Forms, we Ladies of the Stage,
Strive to divert and pleaſe the preſent Age;
We Grieve, and Fret, then Laugh, and ſometimes Mourn,
Turn Smiles to Frowns, and Gentleneſs to Scorn;

We ſtill perform what Nature has in Store,
The wanton Widow, Matron of Four-ſcore,
The Maid, the Wife, and very oft the Whore.
In ſhort, we paſs from Friendſhip's Eaſe to Strif
Thro' all the different Scenes of Human Life:
Since thus we change, I hope you'll ſtrait allo
We beſt can tell whence Joys and Pleaſures flo
A Maiden State you know's inſipid grown;
But then a Wife, —— That Draught goes na
ſeous down:
I'll Love, but ne'er can fix it in my Mind
That only One for One was firſt deſign'd;
Nature forbids us to be thus confin'd.
Since he's a God, and all ſubmit to Love,
Shall Men pretend to rule the Powers above?
'Tis all a Jeſt, —— but if it be my Lot
To be enclos'd within this Gordian Knot,
I'll take a Mate ſhall be a Man of Senſe,
Not one made up of Noiſe and Impudence;

The way of the World, you ſee, I do not chuſe,
Moſt Ladies, now-a-days, do Senſe Refuſe,
For Fops and Fools now very much in uſe:
But ſince it is impoſſible I can
Remain ſo long without the help of Man,
I'll ſee if I can find, amongſt all theſe,
One for my turn, that may my Senſes pleaſe,
Till ſome bright Object, worthier to enflame,
Poſſeſs, for good and all, this brittle Frame;
Then let me ſee,— no,— here are none, I fear,
[*Look into the Pit.*
But yonder,— look you there,— ſee how they leer,
[*Into the ſide Boxes.*
Not one, but many there around do ſit,
'Tis Intereſt upon Intereſt fills the Pit.
Then Gentlemen, (*Curteſies.*)
Since one among you I will gratify,
And ne'er a one of you can ſay 'tis I,
I hope you'll all, with kind and firm Endeavours,
Strive which ſhall ſooneſt gain Miſs *Croſs*'s Favours.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

Provok'd WIFE.

As it was Spoke by Mrs. *Croſs*, at the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, She having play'd the Part of the Lady *Fancyful*, for her own Benefit, *March* the 22d. 17^{15}_{16}.

Tripp'd now of ev'ry vain, fantaſtick Air,
I'm come, in ſhort, to deal upon the Square,
And let you know, when under Sovereign Sway,
Why we're ſo very apt to diſobey;
And what it is that makes us go aſtray.

This

This Night you've had ſome various Scenes o
Strife
Between a ſurly Huſband and his Wife;
The Woman, 'tis too true, was ill inclin'd,
Which might, perhaps, foment his brutal Mind,
And if not ſoon prevented, I muſt own it,
I poſitively believe ſhe wou'd have done it:
But let that paſs,— ſuppoſe her Virtue's good,
And every thing by Wiſdom underſtood,
As many ſuch there be who run their Race
In a dull peeviſh Huſband's cold Embrace:
You'll ſay, perhaps,— ay— why do ſuch Folk
do it?
I ſay— becauſe they are provok'd unto it;
For how is't poſſible that Fleſh and Blood
Can bear the inſulting Huſband's angry Mood;
For my part — had I ſuch a one — I ſwear
I'd Cuckold him an Hundred times a Year:
I'd arm my ſelf, and be moſt Reſolute,
To be reveng'd of ſuch a filthy Brute;

Sinc

Since then it ſeems theſe Nuptial Diſcords riſe
From wrong Suſpitions, or ſome falſe Surmiſe;
I thought it Juſt, this ſhort Advice to give,
To recompence theſe Favours I receive.
All Admonitions to our Sex I'll ſpare
When is it ſeen — that we the Aggreſſors are.
Therefore you, Gentlemen, who lie in wait,
And would ſo fain — be nibbling at the Bait:
And Sparks who ſet with watchful, leering Eyes,
And ſtill ſome young, freſh Beauty wou'd ſurprize,
Take ſpecial heed — of Marriage Rites beware,
And don't fall raſhly in th' alluring Snare;
But when you do — be ſure to mend your Lives,
And have a Care — how you provoke your Wives.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

TO THE

PILGRIM.

As it was Spoke by Mrs. *Thurmond*, *April* the 24th, 1706, For her own Benefit, at the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

OME Fourſcore Years ago, we plainly ſee
That People were almoſt as Mad as we;
One croſs'd, perhaps, in ſome ambitious View,
Talks loud of Kingdoms which none ever knew.

Another's frantick, wild, diſorder'd Brain,
With Sighs, and broken Words pronounc'd in vain,
Proclaims that Love's the Cauſe of all his Pain.
One with his ſtudious, ſerious, crabbed Looks
Shews that his Madneſs all proceeds from Books;
Sometimes he raves of Metaphors, —— then walks,
And then again of Planet's Motions talks;
Tells us that he in time,— nay very ſoon,
Will let us know what Monarchs rule the Moon:
Some might be Mad for this, and ſome for that,
And Women might run Mad for —— you know what:
Our *Fletcher*, who work'd all his Scenes ſo neat,
Wanted but this to make his Play Compleat;
His Mad-houſe would have gain'd immortal Glory,
Had he but introduc'd a Whig and Tory.

Parents,

ents, who by hard Uſage, would pretend
keep ſome Children Chaſt, and others mend,
all but Fools and mad Folks in the End.
how is't poſſible their Power can ſway,
en Inclination leads another way?
at is as much as if I was to ſay
en young Ones would be Frolickſome, and
Play?
I can prove that Man *Non Compos mentis*,
o once ſhould undertake for to prevent this.
Saying I may now apply,—— that he.
o keeps Virginity, *ſub* Lock and Key,
es but hedge in a Cuckoo, all agree.
w comes it then that many Parents ſtill
rſiſt in uſing of their Children ill?
t ſuch as theſe remember well the Fare
old *Alphonſo*, and his Fate beware.
rhaps the World may think you Mad, who
now [*To the Audience.*
pouſe my Intereſt, and my Cauſe allow;

This

This ——
Is no Lunacy, but a generous Spirit
T' incourage one who pleads ſo little Merit,
An honeſt Mind, 'tis true, I always wear;
Therefore ——
Let Virtue ſtill be your peculiar Care.

FINIS.